CARMEL LIBRARY

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER 28 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I — NUMBER 42

Harrison Memorial Library
Box 537

RICHARD NEUTRA, MODERN ARCHITECT, TO SPEAK HERE

Two years ago the League of Nations needed a Peace Palace. They announced a competition, open to the architects of the planet, for its design. Two hundred architects spent many months over plans, and submitted them.

But the jury had been too well chosen. It was a jury of five of the best and most representative architects to be found. In order to be quite just, some classicists as well as modernists were appointed on this jury. Of course it was impossible for them to agree upon a choice. Excellent as some of the plans were, the jury could not arrive at any unanimity. No one of the two hundred plans was chosen.

There was great indignation in Europe, where people still grow indignant over matters of justice and right. Meantime the two plans which were acknowledged by the jury to be the most brilliant, were sent on exhibit in the museums and capitals of Europe.

One of these plans had been made by two Viennese architects,—Richard Neutra and R. M. Schindler, in their Los Angeles studio. Mr. Neutra will lecture in Carmel next Sunday evening on The New Architecture. In addition to some exceedingly interesting building in Los Angeles, he has designed significantly in Europe. He built the tower from which Einstein studied the phenomena of light in the interstellar spaces. This presented some peculiar engineering problems.

He is one of the recognized leaders in modern architecture, writes authoritatively for the Architectural Record; is lecturer for the Los Angeles School of Modern Art. He is the author of a book in German, interpreting American architecture to Europe, and giving examples of our best modern expression.

Mr. Neutra's personality is one of charm.

His lecture will be held at the studio of Denny and Watrous on upper Dolores on Sunday evening at eight.

AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER

from an illustration by Boris Arzibasheff for "The Wonder Smith and His Son," story for children by Ella Young.

Carmel News

HORNS OF THE DILEMMA

The interesting thing about a City Council meeting is the undercurrent. After you have been to a half dozen meetings in an administration, you become conscious of the shiftings of sympathy and conflict among the members. There is a movement like the pulling and wrenching of timbers in a ship at sea.

Our City Council last Wednesday met in special meeting to discuss what should be done about the storm drains. When the next heavy rains come, shall they be guided, or shall they wash our streets away at will? Recent storms have already wrought rough damage.

City Engineer Severance has made suggestions for the diverting of these streams. Perry Newberry outlined these upon the map to the Council, which, although meeting for the purpose of discussing this very matter, had not acquainted itself with the plan. Mrs. Rockwell frankly and firmly stated in response to this that she would tend to oppose any plan to be undertaken by Engineer Severance. Although she has little or no support from any council member in her efforts to dislodge Severance from his position, Mrs. Rockwell is as firmly convinced now, as when she first became a council member, that he ought to be removed. Her frankness and courage must however remain ineffective while she remains thus alone, or unless she has some other popular support.

One difficulty in solving the problem of storm drains is that only a temporary piece of work can be done until the final street plan is made and executed. It is evident that the council is hampered in making such a plan by the fact that there is a strong discinclination on the part of tax-payers to undertake any expensive improvements. Small patchwork on the streets is costly, because it must be repeated after every storm. Dirt roads on steep slopes are expensive to keep in order. Either a thorough piece of work must be done, involving another bond issue, or the streets will have to be left practically as they are. Street Commissioner Fraser however suggested that the Old Highway be patched, and has a rough estimate of three hundred dollars therefore. The Council will meet again informally this week to go over the suggested plans with Engineer Severance.

* * * *

An article appeared recently in The New York Times suggesting Robinson Jeffers for Poet Laureate. Mrs. Jeffers told her boys:

"Oh boys, there's an article on Father in the Times."

The Twins: "Is it on the page with 'All the News that's Fit to Print'?"

THE CARMEL THEATRE GUILD TWO WEEKS OLD AND STILL THRIVING

Our newest organization, the Carmel Theatre Guild, continues to hold flourishing meetings. At its meeting on Sunday evening it completed the work of organization, and made plans for its first public activity, which will be in terms of the Christmas Festival. The Guild will present the pantomime which is to illustrate the story of the Nativity, and is making for this purpose plans of real beauty and artistry, following a little some of the traditional presentations abroad. Mrs. George Seideneck and Hazel Watrous are the two first members on the committee responsible for this,—but all the work of the festival is to be kept as nameless as possible, in order to keep it an impersonal community expression shared by all.

CONCERNING THE LIBRARY

Much comment and question has come to us concerning the budget of the Public Library. One property owner finds that his share of its cost in taxes is sixty-eight dollars,—more than he can afford to spend on his own personal library at home. Another who has never set foot in the building is supporting it to the extent of fifty dollars, but wishes to know why.

The Library Board is composed of individuals who have the trust and respect of the community. The cataloguing of books may have been a little slow, but the volumes of the Harrison collection are now open to the public, although they may not yet be taken from the building; and the arduous work of completing the cataloguing is well under way. The item of eleven hundred for insurance premium is the most surprising on the budget; but this will be greatly diminished next year when the books are before the public.

We append the proposed budget below:

Librarian's salary	$1800.00
Asst. Librarian's salary (half time)	600.00
Extra help, summer	300.00
Cataloging Harrison collection	500.00
To give longer hours	600.00
Books, periodicals, binding	1500.00
Maintainance and operation	200.00
Light, heat and water	300.00
Furnishings:	
Childrens table	25.00
Childrens chairs	50.00
Folding chairs	75.00
Card catalog case	125.00
Frames, etc.	150.00
Supplies, telephone, and transportation books	500.00
Janitor, care Bldg. alone	400.00
Care garden and ground	150.00
Repairs	200.00
Insurance premium	1100.00
	$8575.00

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

November

29 **Thanksgiving Day.**

December

2 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a m.

2 **Lecture**—at the Denny and Watrous Studio, upper Dolores, on The New Architecture, by Richard Neutra. Admission a dollar.

Woman's Club Activities

3 **Regular monthly meeting**—at Pine Inn at 2:30 p.m. Miss Josephine Seaman of the California Federation of Woman's Clubs will be the speaker.

5 and 19 **Book section**—will meet at the home of Mrs. I. N. Ford at 10:30 a.m.

11 **Bridge section**—at the home of Mrs. H. S. Nye.

12 **Current Events**—at 10:30 a.m. at the home of Mrs. Calvin Meade.

13 **Garden section**—at 10:00 a.m. at the home of Mrs. Daniel Willard.

CARMEL ON THANKSGIVING DAY

A crisp clear day. Wood fires sending up curling smoke from chimney tops. Soft thudding of horse's hoofs on the dirt road; and riders going by toward the sea. A racing gallop down along the sands, manes and tails flowing.

Indoors the simple feast, neither vast nor fussy. Music, friends, and discussion. Life is gentle and good. The crystal air gives a sense of well-being.

Late afternoon. The sun drops red into the sea. The poet's tower stands solitary, but beside it the stone cottage glows bright. Point Lobos softens into shadow. A voice calls companionably from afar, —in it laughter and content.

For a whole moment one dares to say, all's well.

THE FLOWER SHOW AGAIN

There has been a noticeable upspringing of flowering plants since our last week's invitation to flower-growers,—whether due to our encouragement, or to the recent rains, we will not say. But Mrs. R. M. Eskil, chairman of the spring Flower Festival, has a word to add in this connection. "We want next May's show to come from all the gardens in Carmel," she says. "Not just the wonderful and professional gardens. But from every little bit of a garden." We can readily see that the very anticipation of being a part of the communal festival flowers will bring us prouder gardens and prouder blooms. In each young bud the hidden hope of being a part of the bright spring display; in each little garden a more careful tending.

REPORTING THE COURAGE OF WHITEHEAD

The following account concerning Ralph Whitehead, who was lost in the Vestris disaster, comes to us from New York; having been written immediately after the catastrophe:

When he sailed on Saturday he made friends with Mr. Paul Dana, the agent in Rio of the Radio Corporation of America. They spent Saturday and Sunday together. The S. S. Vestris was unseaworthy and badly handled. Dana and Whitehead saw most of the passengers off before they got into life-boat No. 8 which had its side stove in as it was lowered into the sea. Dana reports that Ralph Whitehead was brave and unmoved by the dangers of the scene, helping to quiet the passengers and to assist them into the boats. Ralph and Dana sat in the bow of the boat and tried to make light of the danger. The life-boat was badly damaged and began to leak at once, the airtight compartments having given way. Ralph and Dana were active in helping to bail out the boat but after half an hour it capsized. It was righted again and all the passengers except one managed to get in again. The boat again capsized and Dana never saw him again. His body was picked up and brought up to Staten Island by the U. S. Destroyer Acushne with the other dead. The life-belts seem to have been inefficient. Dana caught hold of a floating spar and seized and saved one of the stewardesses. They were in the water for twenty-one hours.

EDWARD BERWICK DISCUSSES PEACE AND WAR

The causes of war are racial, religious, and economic, said Mr. Edward Berwick, speaking before the Women's International League on Sunday evening. He began his lecture with a repudiation of the "security policy" of M. Poincare, which militates against the true peace. He urged the activity of citizens toward a ratification of the Kellogg Treaty without reservations. If the Cruiser bill is passed as it now stands, he said, the Treaty would be valueless.

"All the glory and glamor have gone out of war, and only the meanness is left," said Mr. Berwick, citing some of these meannesses in detail. Eight more deadly gases than were used in the late war have now been invented in our United States laboratories. Deadly disease germs are being hunted, to be used in war. And there is a new killing ray which can be spread on air waves just as the radio can.

The advent of a Quaker president brings us the possibility of a real Pacifist as a leader, said Mr. Berwick. The newly-elected servants of the people should know very definitely our wishes with regard to peace and war.

THE BIG GAME

Thousands of spectators were in a state of suspended animation in that last moment at the big game between Stanford and the University of California on Saturday, when a foot rose in the air to kick the ball for a final goal. The ball missed the goal, and there was a great roar from the grand stand. Time was called,—and the game stood a tie, thirteen to thirteen.

"That foot must have shaken in its shoe afterward," remarked Dick Collins, home from the game, "to think how much responsibility it undertook in that moment." Everyone agreed that it was one of the best games ever.

CARMEL BEGINS TO PLAY

The first evening of folkdancing at the Sunset School was rainy. Nobody came. Gloom and falling hopes. But last week's evening was a surprise and a delight. Twenty-five dancers, young and foolish as well as otherwise, came. The dancing, led by Jean Wallace, was great fun. In other parts of the building there were a woodwork class and clay modelling going on. Caroline Kimball, of the Porcelain Shop, came because she wanted the good feeling of modelling and handling clay.

"Adult education" sounds formidable, but folk dancing and play with wood and clay are great fun for grownups. The Sunset School will be open for this play on Monday evenings through the winter, and everybody is invited.

THE SEARCH SEMINARS INCREASE

Dr. Preston W. Search, a veteran educator and student of European cultures, finds that his Fortnightly Seminars are growing out of bounds this fall. These lecture-discussions, held on alternate Tuesday evenings throughout the fall and winter, at his home at Thirteenth and Casanova, are this year making a study of Florence, the City of the Renaissance. He invites all interested students to come. Since the groups are recently too large for all comfort, he is giving the lectures also on alternate or overflow evenings. They present a serious study in classical fields of profesional research.

* * * *

They sat at lunch, whoever they were, about the corner table in the Blue Bird, speaking a soft foreign language. Their elder and honored guest was a lady who if American would have been a busy executive of some sort in a woman's club. But in her country it is different. There mature years are crowned with dignity of another sort. In her black bonnet, a velvet ribbon tied under her chin, this lady was a monument to the gracious dignity of age. We do not regret the change that has come over American women in their fifties and sixties and seventies; yet at the same time we pay an almost instinctive tribute to majesty of age in the older order.

Personal Bits . .

Albert Rhys Williams and his wife Lucita Squier, have gone forth from Carmel, he to lecture in New York, and she to San Francisco.

* * * *

Dr. Carol Aronovici is in Palo Alto delivering a course of lectures on City Planning at Stanford University.

* * * *

Lincoln Steffens returns this week from the east, where he has been lecturing.

* * * *

Roger Sturtevant reports that he saw someone at Lincoln Inn this week eating an apple.

* * * *

Eddie O'Brien, not to be behind with news, reported that he has letters from a friend in Egypt who has just discovered what is probably the oldest play ever written, certainly the oldest known written drama. It is of course upon stone, and in hieroglyphics. O'Brien's friend has translated the play into French from a language so old that only a few men living have the key to its meaning.

* * * *

Miss Mary Bulkely has gone to Pasadena to be the guest for some weeks of Miss Helen Freeman.

* * * *

Hugo Seelig, the poet, who lives in a tent solitary among the dunes near Halcyon, has come North and will be in Monterey for some time.

* * * *

Lee E. Watson, son of Major and Mrs. H. L. Watson of Carmel and a student at the New Mexico Military Institute, has received academic honors for the first six-weeks period, standing third in the Fourth Class, with a general academic average of 92 per cent.

* * * *

A recent guest in the house of Mr. and Mrs. L. Slevin is Mrs. O'Connell of Montana, mother of Mrs. Slevin. Mrs. O'Connell illustrates finely the law of compensation, the matching of great loss by great gain. She has been quite blind for eight years; and because of this has developed compensatory powers far beyond those of a normal person. The sense of touch is of course heightened; the experience of space quite different. In her case blindness is not a life in the dark, but instead a permament vision of brightness.

* * * *

Mr. Albert Herter, the mural painter, has been in Carmel this week. The cheering thing is that he doesn't look like a painter at all, but like a happy and successful business man. Mrs. Herter has been resting for some weeks at the Morgan cottage.

The Thanksgiving Feast

Blue Bird Tea Room

M. C. Sampson

Luncheon .. Teas .. Dinner

Ocean Avenue Carmel

Telephone: 161

The Blue Bird offers its patrons an exceptional Thanksgiving Dinner. Everything delectable from soup to nuts. $1.50.

Good Things For Thanksgiving

HAGEMAN'S GROTTO

on the picturesque old Monterey Wharf overlooking the little fishing bay with its wheeling gulls

SERVES LUNCHEON AND AN EXCELLENT DINNER

Upper rooms may be reserved for special parties.

The Thanksgiving Feast

CAMPBELL'S

Cash Grocery

phone 448 Carmel

all the good things of Thanksgiving

cranberries

fruit cake

plum pudding

fig pudding

cranberry sauce

Thanksgiving Dinner

at

The Pine Inn

Six Courses $1.50

Served from 1:00 to 2:00

. . and from 6:30 to 7:30

Make Reservations Early

telephone 600

The Monterey Grill

ALVARADO STREET

MONTEREY

SERVES EXCELLENT LUNCHES AND DINNERS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A FRENCH CHEF

H. GALLANIS, Proprietor

Lincoln Inn

NEW OPEN AIR GRILL

Lincoln at Seventh Carmel

THANKSGIVING MENU:

Oyster cocktail
Fruit salad
Clear soup

Entrees
Turkey with chestnut dressing
Escalloped oysters
Sweet potatoes southern style
Green peas
Plum pudding with hard sauce
Mince and pumpkin pie
Ice cream
Nuts, sweets, coffee

Price a dollar fifty

The Arts . . .

DIONE NEUTRA WILL SING IN CARMEL

Arriving with Richard Neutra, the architect, this week, is his wife, Dione Neutra, a singer of great charm. Mrs. Neutra brings from her country, Switzerland, the folk-songs of the valleys and the cowherds, which she sings to her own accompaniment on the 'cello. To combine these two instruments, voice and 'cello, in one artist, is a feat of musicianship.

GIFTS FROM CHINA

Now the gift shop comes into its own for Christmas, and the arts, which are the play of grown-ups, come forth in all sorts of odd, foolish, and beautiful, expression for giving.

Der-Ling, in San Francisco and Carmel, shows many lovely things from China. Jades, carven beads, ivory; an old rosary from a llamasery, of jade alternating with seed beads; a mandarin coat worn a hundred and fifty years ago in the Imperial Palace, its gold thread among the intricate embroideries still untarnished.

There are toys here too,—Chinese dolls, house boy number one and the honorable family, from mother to child. There are foolish little wheel barrows to hold notebooks (the Chinese have their quiet delicious humor too) and clever cigarette holders.

Folded away in the lacquer chests there are lounging robes of damask silk, of the colors of peach and wistaria and jonquil. There are ceremonial skirts, with their radial pleats giving forth a rainbow's flash of delicate stitchery. These ancient remnants of a disappearing Chinese culture will become rare and rarer, until the last of them lie in museum cases, their embroideries of fine workmanship guarded under glass.

Der Ling is full of treasure. Christmas Day will see these distributed, lacquer and silk and jade wrapped in tissue and tied with ribbon,—symbols of an ancient culture conveying an echo of its peculiar and eternal charm.

Leidig's Grocery

is abundantly supplied with the fruits and vegetables of the harvest time, and the good things of Thanksgiving.

FREE DELIVERY

Phone 168 Ocean and Delores

NEW BOOKS AT THE WOODSIDE LIBRARY

Orlando	Virginia Wolf
Point Counterpoint	Aldous Huxley
Philosophy	Bertrand Russell

Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing

Cawdor	Robinson Jeffers

STUDIO OF
INTERIOR DECORATION

ZANETTA CATLETT AND KENNEDY OWEN .....
SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

Merle's

TREASURE CHEST
next to the Bank of Carmel

Special values for Christmas:

Chinese embroidered runners with the old Peking Stitch

Cinnabar lacquer boxes

Thibetan brass

Many gifts under two dollars

Der-Ling Shop

El Paseo Building
Carmel

Pre-Christmas Sale

DURING THE ENTIRE MONTH OF NOVEMBER YOU MAY CHOOSE UNUSUAL GIFTS FROM OUR VARIED STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

TILLY POLAK, INC.
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Ballam's Antiques

Early American Furniture
Glassware
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Dolores near Seventh

Su Casa

Luncheon
338 Pacific Street

Dinner
Monterey: 2026

For Your Christmas Shopping

Go
Over the Hill
To

HOLMAN'S

You can find something for everybody in our forty-six departments.

Lighthouse Avenue Pacific Grove

Carmel Garage

SALES Ford SERVICE

GOODYEAR TIRES

Phone 112

Peter's Paragraphs

Carmel is a self-conscious community; it is different, it wants to be different, and it wants to stay different. It is like a little girl that is going to be a great writer when she grows up. She feels and lives up to her "fate."

Everywhere you hear the parrot cries "Keep Carmel a little village" "Keep away from Main Street" "We want no Babbitts here." And a great to do is made of no paving nor street-lamps nor postmen nor house-numbers.

And then—. As in other things, one sees that the letter is kept and the spirit is being betrayed.

* * * *

Take a walk by the river-mouth. Take it in the day-time, or in the evening, these nights of full moon. And come from the enchanted beach with its Stonehenge ruins, the bare moor, or the old road with its Indian mortars in the rocks and its streaks across the granite that are more than tens of thousands of years old.

What do you come to?

A dump. A rubbish dump by that river mouth, yards upon yards of old rusty tins and decaying cement and boxes and papers and filth. A piece of an old Ford. A dump that makes of that piece of Carmel beauty something worse than the dump in Seaside, Monterey, because more unexpected.

* * * *

Oh, there are notices. Four or five notices to "dump no rubbish here." but they are neither heeded nor enforced.

If Carmel **really** wanted to be different, **willed** it in the sense that she was willing to make an effort, all the cops and all the boy scouts and all the girl scouts and all the Sanitary Board and the City Council and the good citizens who cared about Carmel would be down at the river mouth clearing away the last vestige of rubbish, and then there would be posted there a guardian to greet the first person that came to dump again (by day or night) with an unpleasant greeting and the imposition of a heavy fine.

* * * *

But no. Carmel merely **wants** to be different.

* * * *

It is the same with houses. Look at the new houses that are going up. Beautiful stucco houses, as good as anything in Pasadena or Santa Barbara. Surely for a "village among the pines" it were better to have soft greys and fawns and stone-color, rather than the glaring white that kills the trees around and sticks up shrieking "Look at me! Look at me!"

The beauty of the old Carmel cottages was not their architecture, which was often ugly, but the fact that they were

unobtrusive. There is hardly a street left in Carmel in which the houses do not obtrude almost to the exclusion of the natural beauties.

* * * *

And that is all right too. But then do not let us, like little children hoping for candy, think we are keeping what we love about Carmel by hollering when a tree is to come down.

* * * *

In fact many of the pines would do better if they were thinned out, as the developers of San Remo have realized.

* * * *

It seems always difficult to "take the next step" in logic. A man was sentenced to life imprisonment in California for stealing five dollars recently, under the Habitual Criminals Act. A fourth repetition of a crime, however insignificant, makes a criminal habitual. (Impatient mother to small child: "Bill, how many **thousand** times have I told you not to touch the ink?")

The point in this case is that the newspaper reporting the case remarked: "A man who will risk life imprisonment for the sake of five dollars must be insane. In fact, many authorities say habitual criminals are insane."

Yet they continue to be imprisoned.

HENRY COWELL IN SAN FRANCISCO

Sponsored by an impressive list of patrons, Henry Cowell will give a most interesting Concert of his own compositions at the California School of Fine Arts, San Francisco, on Monday Evening, December Third.

He will be assisted by Dorothy Minty, violinist, and Virginia Adams, Mezzo-soprano. The program will include, besides a good number of piano works played by the composer, two songs, given for the first time in San Francisco—Manaunaun's Birthing (words by John Varian), and Love, Creator of Creation, with words by Charles Erskine Scott Wood, and a violin and piano suite, also given as a first hearing in San Francisco.

Immediately after the concert, Mr. Cowell leaves for Europe to fill recital dates and to continue his creative work.

Henry Cowell stands in the front rank of ultra modern composers. His music, while individual in idiom and inspiration, is based on most solid and correct harmonic grounds, and has been developed with a thorough knowledge of the physics of sound.

Already among the foremost in the New Music, Mr. Cowell will enjoy a future of inevitable brilliance. This coming concert will mark an important epoch in his career. —Ansel Adams

RICHARD NEUTRA

modern architect of international reputation will lecture on

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE

at the Denny and Watrous studio on Dolores Street Sunday evening December second.
ADMISSION A DOLLAR

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS:

KEITH WOODBLOCK PRINTS OF THE ORIENT
RUGS FROM THE LOOMS OF PEKING
HANDWROUGHT JEWELRY
IRON "SILHOUETTE" PICTURES
BRASSES COPPER TAPESTRIES

CHINESE ART
Court of the Golden Bough Carmel-by-the-Sea

Now it has rained.
Did it drip on your piano?

LET US DO YOUR GUTTERING TOO.

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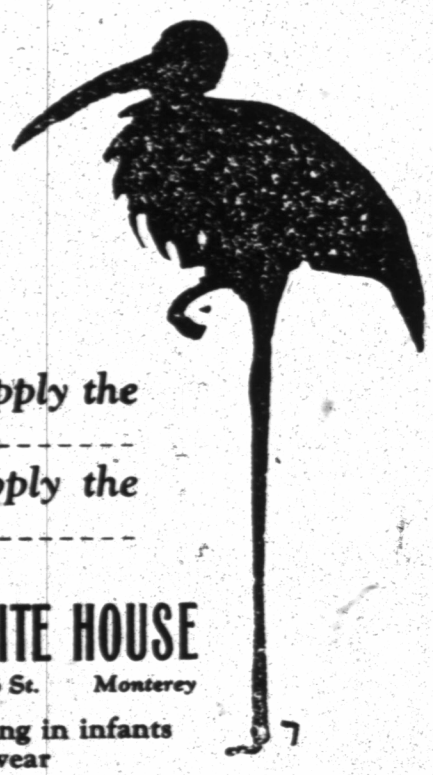

you supply the baby _____
we supply the clothes _____

THE WHITE HOUSE
462 Alvarado St. Monterey
Specializing in infants wear

Poems . . .

FOR THESEUS—AND ANY MAN

Your hands are dust. Earth's curious fabric broken
Gathers most strangely in these moving shapes
Bodies of men. Yet by no valid token
Has any aim been pledged. And what escapes
When flesh breaks back again has never shown or spoken
Through dust in darkness turning.

This knowledge is a stone, oppressing, cold.
It can be put away. A man may grasp
And draw with arrogance a blade of gold.
And tho that gleaming hand in the flaunted clasp
Flake into nothing, it is much to hold
A sword in the sunlight, burning.

—George O'Neil
by courtesy of the
Saturday Review.

CARMEL
French Laundry
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SEMI-FINISHED
ROUGH-DRY
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Fifth and Junipero Streets
Telephone: 176

PAYSAGE

I have discovered all the nests
in the trees
I have discovered the coldness of the earth
and the bare boughs and the wilderness of the sky
just in passing.

o earth,
hide me your desolation!

the autumn withers and a falling of leaves
is in the shuffle of the wind. I know
the elements of a year have brought you finity
and whispered from your roots the fickle sun
and from your limbs loosened the petals of the flower,
that since the rain your eyes are thin
and difficult to look upon.
Make me your confidant no longer. Mists
of solitary places lift on the cold shore of the dawn
as spinster-dreams come in and break along the sand
of day spray-bitter offerings of the final wave.
O my familiar beauty,
O earth! from your unvisitated bed me hear—
Pity my human soul its mortal flight
I am just passing!
—I have discovered—
—the nests in the trees—

in passing.

—Elizabeth Dickinson.

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Exclusive Agents
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Peninsula
Stetson and Knox Hats
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MONTEREY

Now Renting
Abalone League's
Carmel Playhouse
or Hall
For public meetings,
lectures, recitals,
entertainments
For dates and rates apply—
R. J. Todd, Carmel Playhouse

AMERICAN PEASANT ART

(This interesting article comes to us from Helen McCrossen, who has recently opened a little house in Monterey in which beautiful Indian wares are for sale).

In our zeal over modern arts and crafts, significant as these are, we often forget the work of the first Americans, which is so much older, so much finer, and so much more spontaneous than that of the early European settlers. The designs on some of the older Indian pottery, for instance, are unbelievably beautiful, and every Indian today, just like every young child, is still a potential artist. Potential in the sense that he is open to contamination by the rapid commercialization of his arts that is in process.

I have seen an Indian child of five pick up a drum and begin singing, not childish jingling such as our children learn, but world-old music that is part of an ancient, deep religious life and that gets into the blood even of the passing listener. Yet that child will soon be in American schools and the process of devitalization will begin. It is only the very rare teacher in these schools who can keep alive the precious sparks of genius.

Our sins against the Indian are too many to repeat here. All intelligent persons today are trying, not to retrieve these wrongs, because that is impossible, but

importance of the earliest American art and encourage the continuance of it. This we shall do just as soon as we cease regarding American Indian products as curios and begin to enjoy them as objects, beautiful in themselves.

Even into the Southwest, where the civilization of the Pueblo Indians remained for so long almost untouched, we have now penetrated with our machine-made tools and ways, sometimes laughing at the dances and ceremonies that foster the creative spirit, and seldom understanding them. Quite naturally there has been a swift decline in the quality of Indian products. There are cheap and ugly wares, poor in design and construction, offered to the tourist at every point. Yet with the help of a little intelligent effort on our part, the same people who make these could be encouraged to produce work of good quality, for a fine sense of line and form and color is still a part of their race consciousness. By buying good things and refusing the poor; by creating new markets and new appreciation for the better products, we can serve the Indian people in one of the few ways left us to serve them.

A number of disinterested persons in Santa Fe and other places are trying to perform this service and there is already a noticeable improvement in the work of the Pueblo Indians. The accompanying painting is just one example of what can be done by these gifted people. It is the work of a youth whose Indian name is Mah-pe-wi, from the pueblo of Tsia. He paints in water-color the life of his own neighbors, and his paintings have been exhibited and sold in New York, in Boston, in Detroit—wherever there is appreciation of Indian art.

In my little house in Monterey I have a few Indian things which I hope to sell,—some new and some old, but all to my mind, good. There is jewelry made by the Navajo and Zuni Indians, not by an American firm in Denver as so much of the "Indian jewelry" offered to tourists is. There are saddle blankets from the Navajo reservation and old Chimayo blankets faded and worn to rare loveliness.

Most persons who have not been to New Mexico have never heard of Chimayo. It is a tiny Mexican town about thirty miles from Santa Fe, a town of weavers since the earliest days, a friendly place of old flat-roofed adobe houses and many donkeys. Corn is grown in the plaza and apple orchards follow the lines of the winding river and ditches; but when you lift your eyes from these homely sights there are the mountains, sternly chiseled into walled and buttressed palaces. It is hard to believe that such a town is actually existing anywhere within the United States. Yet there it is, with a flourishing modern trade, for the blankets of Trujillo are sold all over the country.

—Helen Cramp McCrossen.

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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

THE SEASON OF SINGING

The Christmas of enforced gift-giving has fallen into disrepute. But Christmas as a season for the remembering of old friends, for the sending of the annual letter to the far-off but never-forgotten, is still a blessed time. And the Christmas of carol-singing, with all its flavor of ancient myth and ritual, with all the richness of the feast of the Nativity, is a thing no civilization, no matter how sophisticated, should allow to die.

Christmas in a little town like Carmel, is a time for being neighborly and communal,—for forgetting the rub and the tension of village conflicts,—and for doing some friendly and beautiful thing as an inclusive group. There have been Rem's parties for the children in previous years. There was last year's Christmas tree.

But something far more "real" than that Christmas tree can be done in a community with as much imagination as ours. If we think back to the old-fashioned English Christmas. there was not so much giving of gifts. There were no radios, no advertisers clamoring for a bigger and better pile of expensive parcels under each tree. There were instead the Christmas "waits," trudging through the snow in mufflers and mittens, lifting voices to the stars in carol-singing from one neighbor's house to another.

In Germany there was the simple singing of songs of the Nativity about the Weinachtsbaum. (Pity the poor American who has no songs of his own, and who instead passively hears Christmas utter itself nasally by way of the loud speaker. Yes, he must resort to the buying of gifts who has no inner gifts of his own.) Those who sing together the ancient traditional carols of the birth of the Child, know the sweetness, the sparkle, the quiet interior joy, of the Christmas season.

Perhaps it is because they are singing carols, that the children feel it so much more. In spite of the depravity which the grownups have put upon the youngsters with their promises of "presents," the children are caught by the sense of beauty into a sort of a dream during these long weeks. The Feast of Mother and Child, celebrated in music age-old and fragrant.

Carmel this year plans a singing Christmas. And the way it is carrying out its plans illustrates the spirit it desires to evoke. From the many groups in town, organizations, clubs, societies, representatives have come together impersonally to plan some sort of a festival for all to share in. The Theatre of the Golden Bough has been generously given for this,—and the time set is the afternoon of the Sunday before Christmas. All are invited not only to come, to see, to hear, but to participate.

The plan is that the festival shall be a thing of real beauty. It will therefore be built about the story of the Nativity. One group will carry out the visual conception of this.

Musicianly minds are now begun upon the planning of the music. This will be chosen from the rich stores of the traditional carols of olden time. The children in the Sunset School have begun to sing them; in the little private schools tucked about the peninsula they are singing too, Christmas entering in with the very rhythm of the heartbeat as the pulse of the song.

The grownups will of course sing too. All groups, churches, families, are asked to sing and to learn the carols chosen, —partly for the delight of singing beautiful songs over and over; partly so that all of us may sing together well on that Sunday afternoon at the Golden Bough. The children are learning some of the rarer and lesser known carols. But for the grownups have been chosen several which are dear because they are familiar. There are

The First Noel
Silent Night
O little town of Bethlehem
Hark! the herald angels sing
Come, all ye faithful.

These and others.

The Community Christmas tree will of course be lighted again this year, and carols be sung about it as before. The festival at the Golden Bough will not detract from this,—but enrich it.

So generous was the giving last year for the tree that the original committee reports it will need no funds for the purpose this year. There is plenty left. It does add, however, that since all of us are invited to participate in the festival also,—to sing, to offer their services for the work of the presentation in the theatre; and since not all can sing or paint or design or work,—there may be some who prefer to give in funds. These will be appreciated also, for there will of course be expenses of a hundred dollars or so. Checks payable to the Christmas Festival Committee may be turned in at the offices of the Pine Cone and of the Carmelite.

Correspondence

My dear Seven,

Your article on the lost art of love interests me. Speaking from the standpoint of an American Man, may I say that I do not think you go deeply enough into the situation, although what you say is pertinent enough.

The true art of love is largely in the hands of Woman. To a very great extent, a woman calls forth from a man, exactly what she is herself. Many a man has been surprised at this and has been grateful for the development in himself of qualities he did not know.

Now what I wish to say is this. Woman has lost the art of calling forth "experience of great depth." When a woman, dressed in trousers, slaps you on the shoulder and says "Hello, old chap!" you behave accordingly. When she gives you her respect and understanding, you respond to that.

Life must become an art before love can become an art; and love must be based on something deeper than sex-attraction before love will ever become an art. Love is the most exquisite aspect of the Art of Life, and sex-attraction is only an aspect of Love.

Should woman ever begin to make these conceptions something more than subjects for conversation, you might be surprised at the possibilities latent even in

An American Man.

To the editor:
My congratulations on your editorial of this issue (november seventh). I have great admiration for anyone with the backbone to stand up and tell the truth. . .

—C. C. H.

THE CARMELITE HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE

as forthcoming in the immediate future
a Robinson Jeffers number
an issue on The New Architecture
a special Christmas number.

The Pacific Coast

LIBERALISM BECOMES FASHIONABLE IN LOS ANGELES

An outline of the activities of liberals of the Pacific coast would be an interesting thing to compile. Who are the liberals of the Pacific, and what are they doing? What has happened to the "radicals" of the war period in the good old days of the suppression of free speech, when Upton Sinclair was arrested for reading the Constitution aloud in an empty lot before a group of people, and the police burst open the doors of an I. W. W. office in San Pedro, to demolish their piano with hatchets?

Those were the days when you could really work up a good healthy rage over things. You could go to the county jail and take fresh fruits to the I. W. W.s who had been awaiting trial for the last five months. One might be a Christian Scientist incidentally, gassed in the war, a fanatical idealist of the old-fashioned type. He would be sentenced to San Quentin for from one to fourteen years.

You would be very indignant about this yourself. You could even remember back to the time during the war when you had to carry secretly your card of membership in the innocuous Socialist Party. Ah, the good old days of persecution! Radicalism has become respectable now and lost half its fire.

There is the Pacific Celebrities Forum, for example. This is announcing a winter lecture in Los Angeles which is to include, among its five speakers, Max Eastman and Margaret Sanger. Max Eastman whom College students were once stringently forbidden to hear, the arch-Bolshevik, editor of The Masses,—and one of the most devastatingly charming persons in the radical movement.

How have the mighty fallen! Max Eastman who used to be prevented by the police from speaking, will lecture in Los Angeles before an audience of perfectly correct people.

Still worse, impropriety in the person of Margaret Sanger, will be accepted in the same city on December fifth, when a fashionable chairman introduces her as lecturer on The Need for Birth Control. It is not twenty years ago that Mrs. Sanger began her clinic in New York for the dissemination of birth control information to marriage partners,—under difficulties with police, churches, the law, and society in general. Her writings were banned by the Post Office. She was not comme il faut.

Now there are birth control clinics in a number of cities; doctors are less afraid to inform those who come to them for help; and birth control is a nationally accepted practice.

It is disheartening. No longer can the youth find him a good sturdy unpopular idea, spend his life fighting for it, and go to his grave a martyr still, clasping it to his breast. Nowadays life, and the communication of ideas, move so quickly that a good radical, if he lets his idea crystallize, becomes a mere liberal within ten years; respectable in fifteen; and out of fashion in twenty-five.

Other speakers of the winter in the Pacific Celebrities Forum are Joan London, daughter of Jack; Will Durant, author of "The Story of Philosophy," and Lewis Browne.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE FUTURE

Architecture in America has passed through some interesting phases. It has a somewhat disjointed history. There are the pueblos of the Indians, cliff dwellings and desert adobes. There is the architecture of the early New England colonies, developed to a high point, and with a strong feeling for form and proportion. And then between the colonial period and the age of the sky-scraper, there is a long phase of confusion, in which architecture seems to be trying to be born, in the midst of a chaos of irrelevant, because unindigenous, European influences.

This was the period of architectural imitation, in which many monstrosities flourished, or thought they did, from the Victorian "residence" with its many cupolas, to that last word in simplicity, found abundantly in the middle west, the structure of corrugated tin.

During this period however, the work of McKim, Mead, and White, began to give a dignity to New York. These men evolved an architecture based upon classical origins, yet with a definitely American character of its own. At this point the sky-scraper begins to loom. And from then on American architecture is conditioned not by questions of "artistry," but by the nature of the civilization we have chosen to build. Architecture is now conditioned by economic and social factors,—the price of land in cities, the cost of cubic space in apartment buildings; the elements of utility and speed.

While New York was developing a skyline, however, there was a philosopher of architecture in Chicago whose thinking has had a profound influence upon our generation of builders. Louis Sullivan built buildings which architects respect. But he did far more than this. He gave them a principle which has brought them out of confusion into clarity, and which provides a criterion by which to know the true from the false.

"Form follows function," said Sullivan. This is the basis of the new architecture.

* * * *

Richard Neutra, who lectures in Carmel at the studio of Denny and Watrous next Sunday evening, is what we might call a direct architectural descendant of Louis Sullivan. Every profession and every art which has great teachers has its lineages. The greatest of those who called Sullivan "Master" was Frank Lloyd Wright.

In his early years Wright was derided by his profession in this country. Meantime, in the ateliers and the drafting rooms of European architects with an understanding for the modern spirit, Wright was a god. Portfolios of his works, which had little sale in the United States, were intently studied in Vienna, in Germany. Young architects from Austria, Switzerland, and Germany began coming over to the United States to offer themselves to him as student-draftsmen. A remarkable number of these worked with him, until the middle west was well salted with his influence. Students of architecture find themselves arrested again and again by a line, a flat roof, a horizontality, directly traceable to Wright as an influence.

Only a very few of these his "sons," grandsons then of Sullivan, have been much more than imitative. And those who merely imitate do even that less dynamically than their master. Perhaps two or three who have come to him as sons in architecture, have had creative vitality of the sort which could carry it on still further. Their work has the quality, the feeling, of great architecture. It is organic. It is as recognizably great, against the background of the sterile commercial architecture about us, as life is recognizable against the contrast of death. Its form follows its function. Every line of it, because functional, is totally sincere, totally honest. It has moreover a quality in its proportions which is as living, as right, as are the proportions of the architecture of ancient Greece.

These two or three are not merely modern. Their work is both modern and organic. It is exceedingly important for the future of American architecture, that these men should be fully understood. In the preceding generation it has been obvious that Frank Lloyd Wright could be imitated without being thus fully understood. The landscape of the middle west is dotted with examples. One looks, recognizes that the architect meant well; and knows that he was simply not an artist. Louis Sullivan became a great influence upon American architecture because he could not only understand consciously what he was driving at; he could not only build buildings which illustrated the principle that form follows function; but he could make his meaning clear to the rest of the world.

Richard Neutra is one of these two or three true descendants of the lineage of Sullivan and Wright, to whom architecture is not merely an expression of a civilization, but a conditioning agent of future cultures. It will be exceedingly interesting to hear what he has to say.

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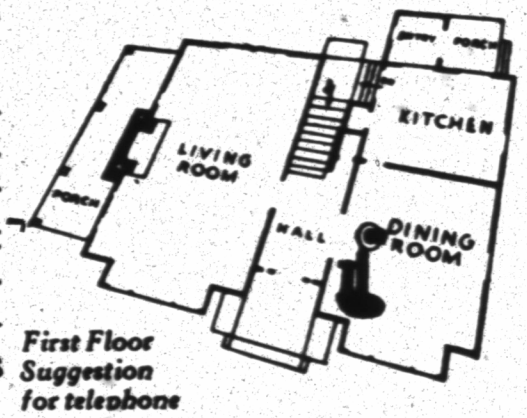

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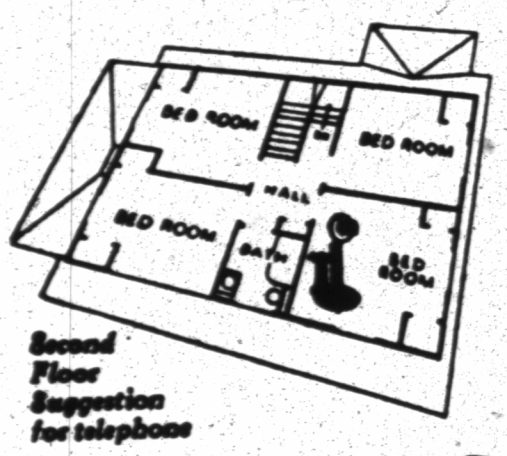

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THE CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Choosing the Christmas book for the little child is a delicate task. It is so very important what book you choose,—for he will live with it, enter into it, and to an amazing degree let it color his life. The magic phrase falling upon the pool of the spirit. The heroic picture passing through the lens of the mind and becoming a permanent image there. So significant to the little child are these first books of his that it is simply an immorality to choose for him what is trivial or tawdry. It has almost the luxury of a solemn ritual, this choosing for him of the superlative thing.

And there are superlative books for children, if one knows how to find them.

THE WONDER SMITH AND HIS SON,

By Ella Young. Longmans Green.

This remarkable book for children has the enduring quality of a folk-myth, and is told in terms of classic beauty. It has the pungence of Irish folk-speech, its whimsical humor, its imagination, and its superb poetic richness.

If Homer's Iliad had appeared with a season's books, it might easily have been snowed under among the best sellers. Ella Young's book deserves such a fate scarcely less than his.

Its place is among the book-treasures of the ten-year-olds, the younger adolescents, who will at some later day be reading the volumes of James Stephens, the Sigurd of William Morris.

The Wonder Smith is a hero-tale, of the Master Smith who made worlds and universes, so that men thought the stars were sparks from his anvil. It is full of a symbolism which becomes rich to the child through sheer beauty in the telling. The pitch of the Irish intonations, the rhythms, are almost audible to the reader. And as for the vigorous but sensitive illustrations of Boris Artzybasheff, they accentuate finely the heroic dignity of the tale. On every page are passages of imaginative richness to nourish the mind of the child capable of a fine response. We turn:

> "The Hound stretched himself in his running. He was like a salmon that silvers in mid-leap; like the wind through a forest of sedges; like the sun-track on dark waters: he was like that in his running till he lay down by the Gubbaun Saor's threshold."

p. g. s.

We append here a list of books for children which we call "superlative" for various ages.

Age four. **"Poppy Seed Cakes," by Margery Clark. Illustrated by Maud and Misak Petersham. Doubleday and Company.**

Age five. **"Our Old Nursery Rhymes,"** and **"Little Songs of Long Ago,"** being old English folk songs lovably illustrated by Willebeek le Mair. **Mackay,** Philadelphia.

Age six up. **"Winnie the Pooh,"** and **"The House at Pooh Corner,"** by **A. A. Milne. Dutton.**

Age ten. **"The Wonder Smith and His Son."** by **Ella Young. Longmans Green,** New York.

Age eleven. **"The Three Mullah Mulgars,"** by **Walter de la Mare.**

Another **"A Little Boy Lost,"** by **W. H. Hudson.**

And never forget that every boy has a right to a Robinson Crusoe in a durable and well-printed edition.

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

by A. A. Milne. Dutton 1928

Next to being a nine-year-old reading "The House at Pooh Corner" to himself, we like best to be a grown-up reading it to a six-year-old.

In the last chapter Christopher and Pooh discover an enchanted place. And this is how the expedition began: (Pooh, as all the world surely knows by now, is a bear):

"Where are we going," asked Pooh as they started off.

"Nowhere," said Christopher Robin.

So they began going there, and after they had walked a little way Christopher Robin said:

"What do you like doing best in the world, Pooh?"

"Well," said Pooh, "what I like best" and then he had to stop and think. When he had thought it all out, he said, "What I like best in the whole world is Me and Piglet going to see You, and You saying 'What about a little something?' and Me saying, 'Well, I shouldn't mind a little something, should you Piglet,' and it being a hummy sort of day outside, and birds singing."

"I like that too," said Christopher Robin, "but what I like doing best is Nothing."

"How do you do Nothing?" asked Pooh, after he had wondered for a long time.

"Well, it's when people call out at you just as you are going off to do it, 'What are you going to do, Christopher Robin,' and you say, 'Oh, Nothing,' and then you go and do it."

"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

"This is a nothing sort of thing we're doing now. It means just going along, listening to all the things you can't hear, and not bothering."

"Oh," said Pooh.

—P. G. S.

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Books . . .

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

The autumn season has brought forth an interesting new crop of books. We publish this week reviews of several of the most outstanding. We should have liked to add, to the review of "Casper Hauser," one of another novel of first calibre,—"Orlando," by Virginia Wolf. We list below a dozen of the best books of the fall, all or most of which we are likely to review before Christmas:

Mussolini, Autobiography.
Theodore Dreiser, Dreiser Looks at Russia.
Rene Fulop Miller, Rasputin the Holy Devil.
Margaret Naumburg, The Child and the World.
Christopher Morley, Off the Deep End.

Novels:
Virginia Wolf, Orlando
Michael Arlen, Lily Christine
Ethel Sidgwick, When I Grow Rich.

Poetry:
Robinson Jeffers, Cawdor
Thomas Hardy, Winter Words
Edna Saint Vincent Millay, The Buck in the Snow.

Children's Books:
A. A. Milne, The House at Pooh Corner.
Felix Salten, Bambi
Mukerji, Ghond the Hunter.

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CASPER HAUSER

By Jacob Wassermann
Simon and Shuster 1928

Jacob Wasserman's Casper Hauser is a verbal fugue. It is not a great novel as most of his books are great novels. It is a brilliant exhibition of literary technique.

He takes a simple theme, that, as he states in his preface, of "an innocent soul, unspotted by the world," Casper Hauser that almost legendary figure that appeared on the streets of Nurnberg in the summer of 1828, able to walk and speak only as a child of two or three, unable to conduct himself in any way as a person of his apparent seventeen or eighteen years. He takes this simple theme of the eternal tragedy of the child, for Casper having been confined in a dungeon without light and knowing no human being since babyhood, is the "innocent unspotted soul" of a child, and moves it through the counterpoint of society. . .society that calls him a prince deprived of life by intrigue and ambition, calls him a lying yokel; society that believes him a miraculous angel, that regards him as a biological freak, that pursues him for reflected fame, that longs to possess him for experimental study, for an amusing toy; society that baits his innocence, lusts for his innocence, is infuriated by his innocence, that hates him because he is a child in a world which grants no right to childhood; that prods him, tortures him, ridicules him, even while he lies dying from a murderous attack, because in the brief years that he lives as part of the world he is not yet become a man, as society demands that man be.

Like a fugue, it is stirring, austere, intellectual. As a novel, it lacks reality, that astonishing living quality that marks Wasserman's more familiar works, **The World's Illusion, The Gooseman, Wedlock, Faber's Lost Years.**

One is too aware of Wasserman in his explanatory, defensive preface: "One can see," he writes of his attitude in attempting to rescue truth from the garbled and distorted legends of Casper Hauser, "that the actual incidents had ceased to be of primary importance; they could be

brushed aside in order to make place for what solely charmed me in the material: the tragedy of the child, the general tragedy of the child, or differently stated, the repeated recurrence of an innocent soul, unspotted by the world, and how the world stupidly and uncomprehendingly ignores such a soul."

Too busy with this theme, Wasserman has left his characters less real than those in many contemporary biographies. To one who looked upon Wasserman's novels as great novels, which must present truly living beings, not philosophical theories, there is a feeling of sadness on the completion of this book, yet on reading his preface, which explains so much of himself, one wonders that he has given us such books as **The Gooseman,** and trembles at what future disappointments he may hold for us. He writes, "There are two mental states which cause people to deny the unusual, that of enlightened rationalism, and plain indolence of mind." We rationalists sigh over a lost god.

Hally Pomeroy

* * * *

The Ways of Behaviorism, by John B. Watson. (Harper & Bros., New York. $2.00).

This is the latest addition to the long and growing list of books wherein John B. Watson the brilliant and scientific behaviorist bends in rapt adoration before John B. Watson the metaphysical dogmatist. Once more we are told that consciousness is non-existent and that thought and emotion are functions respectively of the larynx and of unstriped muscles and glandular secretions. Mr. Watson seems destined to bore us to death unless he reconditions some of his reflexes.

—George A. Briggs

"DESOLATION IS A DELICATE THING"

Sorrow lay upon my breast more heavily than winter clay
Lying imponderable upon the unmoving bosom of the dead;
Yet it was dissolved like thin snowfall; it was softly withered away;
Presently like a single drop of dew it had trembled and fled.

This sorrow which seemed heavier than a shovelful of loam,
Was gone like water, like a web of delicate frost;
It was silent and vanishing like smoke; it was scattered like foam;
Though my mind should desire to preserve it, nevertheless it was lost.

* * * * * * * * * * *

This sorrow, which I believed a gravestone over my heart,
Is gone like a cloud; it eluded me as I woke;
Its crystal dust is suddenly broken and blown apart;
It was not my heart; it was this poor sorrow alone which broke.

—Elinor Wylie,
from "Trivial Breath."

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Science . . .

A plan of the Far Eastern Geophysical Observatory provides for an enormous refrigerator-museum where bodies of men and animals can be preserved without decay for centuries.

In the "eternal frost" prevalent in North Siberia organic matter is preserved in never-thawing ground.

It is known that in these regions the remains of mammoths have been found on which the flesh was still good and fit for food.

According to the scheme, bodies of men and women of all races will be preserved, with the utensils used in their everyday life; also samples of present-day food products, as well as specimens of animals which are becoming extinct.

A preliminary estimate places the cost of the "museum" at $5,000,000.

* * * *

"Heat mining" in the near future says the S. F. Examiner is likely to reduce the problem of the unemployed coal miner.

This is the view of the engineers and scientists, whose attention has been attracted by the volcanic power stations in Italy and California which use steam from natural vents in the earth.

Instead of being content with using the heat of the earth which has already escaped, we shall, scientists maintain, go boldly after it and capture it at depths of anything up to 25,000 feet.

The vital necessity of preserving coal for purposes other than ordinary heating is being emphasized in view of the fact that within the next twenty years the world is threatened with a lack of young, flexible wood.

Consequently the use of inoxidisable steel will be required in many cases where wood is now employed. The more steel manufactured, the greater the call on coal products, particularly coke, which is vitally necessary in metallurgy for the manufacture of steel.

Engineers calculate that by cooling off about one quarter of a cubic mile of rock the heat obtained would equal that obtained by burning fifty million tons of coal—a quantity sufficient to supply for two years all the power plants in the United States.

Future developments in the harnessing of natural heat open up vast possibilities for the town dweller. Large cities will be decentralized, and residential districts will spring up in sites of beauty far removed from smoke and dust.

A GERMAN WORD BATTLE

One afternoon a student and I were picking fossils out of a quarry when a stone landed near us. We of course immediately threw one back. After a lull in the first hostilities my friend ran up the side of the hill to catch the culprit. He met one on either side of a fence line, a boundary over which the law could interfere if any blows were exchanged.

My friend, used to settling disputes with a duel according to student customs, opened the word barrage, "If you were not a coward you'd come over this fence and act like a man."

"I am not allowed out of these grounds or I would. Why don't you come over here? You are a coward too," retorted the stone hurler, a young fellow about the same size as my friend.

"You know I would be arrested if I came over into the private garden, you stupid little boy. Did you throw that rock?"

"No."

"Who did? Those old men over there?"

"I don't know. Perhaps."

"I guess it came over by itself."

"Perhaps. Who threw the stone back up here?"

"Oh! That was the same stone coming back by itself."

"Liar."

"Liar."

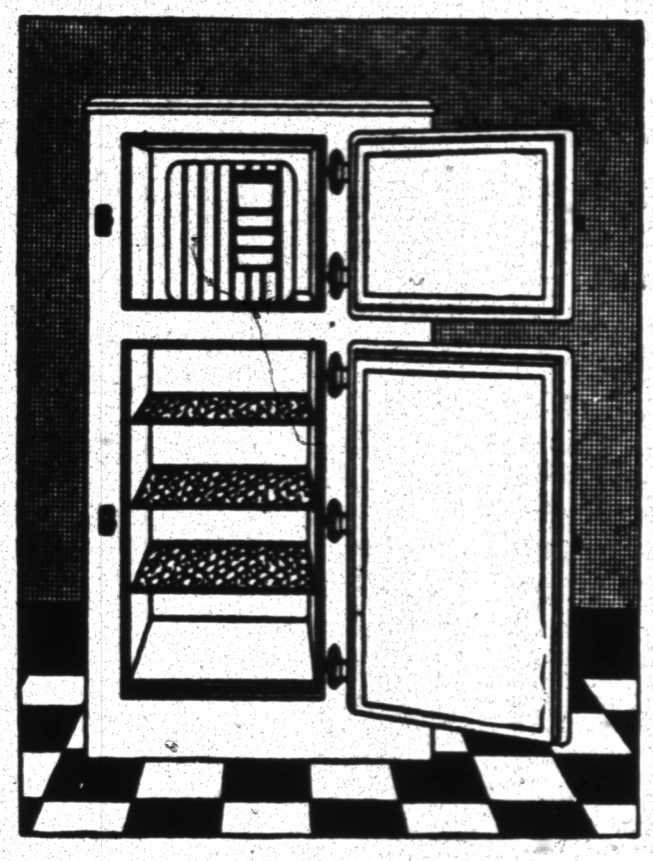
We went on picking fossils out of the quarry. —An American Student.

THIS IS ANARCHISM

New York now has an orchestra which conducts itself. Critics comment favorably upon its first recital last week. It played through a complete program including a Beethoven Symphony, without the leadership of a baton, its accuracies impeccable. Phrasing, nunance, and rubato, were communally agreed upon by way of a committee.

Modern psychology has discovered—or at least strongly emphasized—the fact that under certain conditions desire produces belief; and, having discovered also that the more primitive a given mentality, the more completely are its opinions determined by its wishes, modern psychology has concluded that the best mind is that which most resists the tendency to believe a thing simply because it would be pleasant or advantageous to do so. But, justified as this conclusion may be from the intellectual point of view, it fails to take into account the fact that, in a universe as badly adapted as this one to human as distinguished from animal needs, this ability to will a belief may bestow an enormous vital advantage.

The most useful service within the power of any publication would be to use the fires of bigotry for the purposes of illumination. —Heywood Broun.



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CARMEL ASSETS

The terror of hot dog stands and other beach nuisances is one of the assets of this community.

As a matter of fact, many Carmelites will be surprised to learn that, by the terms of the Carmel Development Company deeds to the City and to Point property owners, our beach is forever protected against private "developments" such as have all but ruined many other coast towns.

Water-front property owners are protected from unsightly beach "improvements." All other property owners, residents, and visitors are protected in their rights of access to and equal enjoyment of our incomparable beach; and this is another important local asset.

There are many other sections of the California coastline where access to the beach is limited to property owners adjacent thereto.

Of course Carmel has many other assets all its own, the greatest of which is its natural beauty. Our beach protection is one of the various features that are bound to attract more and more discriminating and desirable residents from over-crowded and "spoiled" communities to the southward.

A point to which we wish to draw particular attention is that at Carmel it is not necessary to own water-front property in order to enjoy to the full the pleasures of the water-front. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO PAY WATER-FRONT PRICES.

Indeed, the higher ground above the village and overlooking the sea offers attractions not shared by water-front property.

There is no spot on the water-front, for example, which affords a view equal to that to be had from many points on the Mission Mesa and Hatton Fields, WHERE A FULL ACRE CAN STILL BE BOUGHT FOR THE PRICE OF ONE CARMEL BEACH LOT, AND FOR FROM ONE-FIFTH TO ONE-TENTH THE PRICE OF FAR LESS FAVORABLY SITUATED PROPERTY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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The Youngest Set

Johnny, aged four, dropped his plums in the mud. He proceeded vigorously to lick the dirt off.

"What on earth are you doing, child?" called his mother.

"I'm licking the mud off my plums. You wouldn't want me to eat them dirty, would you?"

* * * *

In the bright lexicon of childhood, we note, C is for Pussy, L is for Elephant, and H is for fence-posts with a gateway between.

FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

SEE THE SEA

O'er the sea the sun sets,
The water breaking in little jets.
While the fishes swim about,
The whale spits water in little spouts.
I like to see the sea,
With wonders you can't see;
Here and there a whale,
Now and then a sail;
Here a shark,
There a bark,
You cannot open it with a key,
That is why I like the sea.

Ted Watson,
Seventh Grade

* * * *

NEPPY HIMSELF IN TUNE

Neptune rules the stormy sea
He's a wonderful man he is, is he
He pushes the sea and the waves roll in
All day he's busy dodging a fin
He raises a storm when he feels like it
All sailors and mariners have a fit
He stops the storm and yells Hiyani
Then all the ships roll peacefully by.

Barbara Lewis
7th Grade

* * * *

WONDERS OF THE SEA

Have you ever thought of the wonders of the sea,
Of Pop-eyed fish,
Which we have only seen, when cooked and placed before us in a dish,
Of Coral gardens and precious stones;
Or of the old sea Crones,
Who eat ship-wrecked sailors, and leave their bones,
Or huge dragons fierce and tall
Who carry off mermaids, castle and all?

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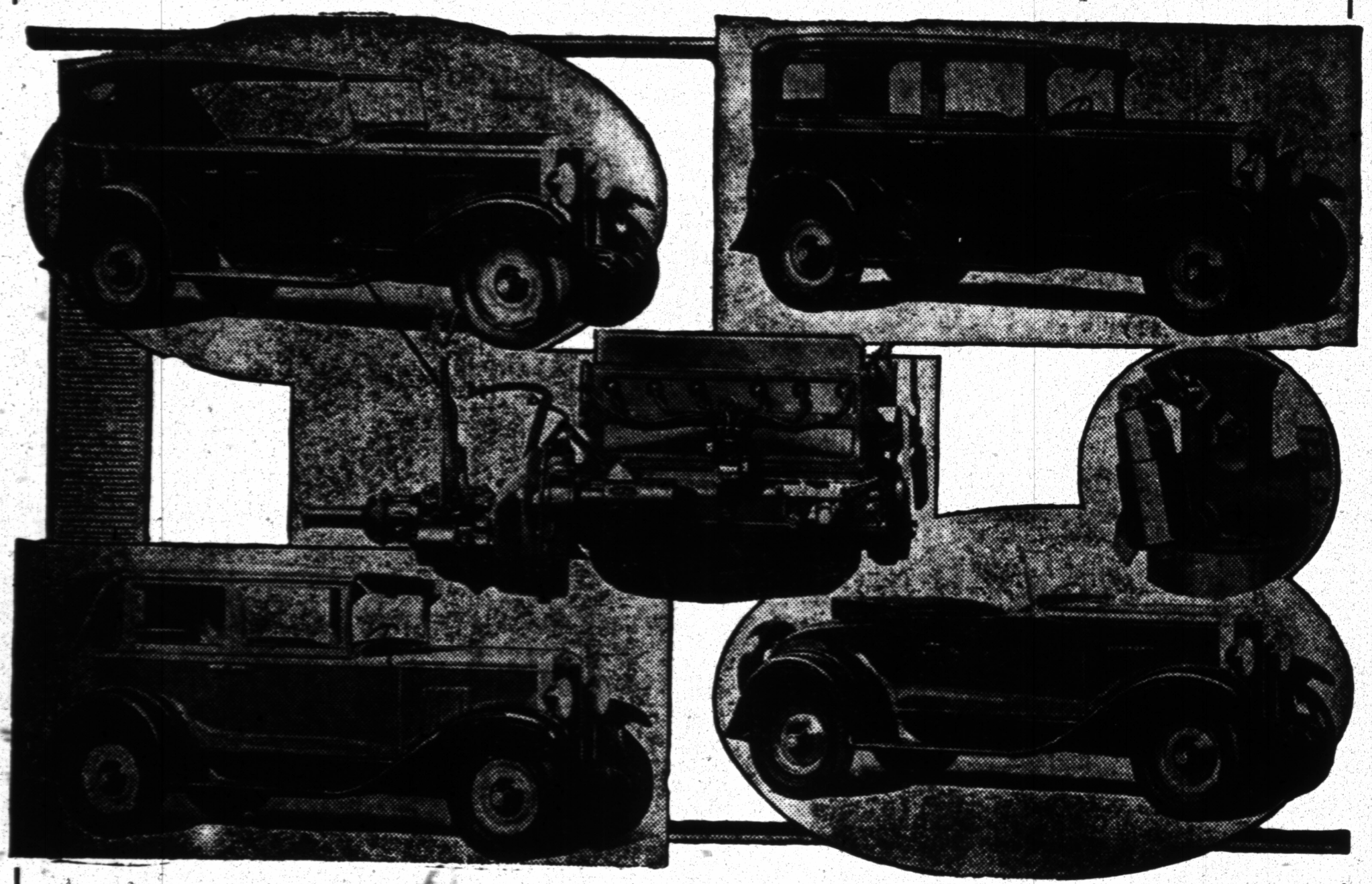
Models and features of the New Chevrolet "SIX" line

Four models of "The outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet history."

A Six in the price range of the Four which were announced this week by the Chevrolet Motor Company.

The new 6 cylinder valve-in-head motor develops 32 per cent more power than its famous predecessor and all bodies this year bear the famous Fisher stamp of craftmanship. The driver's seat of all closed models is adjustable. Prices remain approximately the same throughout the line of seven passenger types.



Left to right, top, the phaeton and the 4 door sedan. Center, the new motor and a close-up of the carburetor showing the new accelerating pump.

Lower, the convertible landau sedan on which the top rear quarter may be completely folded down and the roadster with its stylish Fisher body.

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